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we plan to build a modern port; and there in the Soudan we hope to develop livestock for export. For that we would need a number of large refrigeration units here in Dakar.'

Thus he continued in detail all over the vast area of French West Africa stretching from St. Louis to the Chad, from the Sahara to the Guinea Coast, with an area of nearly 1,840,000 square miles, and a meagre population of 18 millions. I pointed to Nigeria and Ghana.

'I am afraid we British took the best bits of West Africa. Yet we haven't put nearly as much money into it by comparison. I wonder what Nigeria would be like if you French had got it?'

His eyes looked longingly at the large chunk of red.

'That would be something marvellous!' he said. Since the war the French have poured money into West Africa. Private funds have accounted for a lot, but FIDES, the equivalent of our Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, has contributed more than £175,000,000 to these territories, and together with other public funds the total of capital investment (not from private sources) is more than £300,000,000, for a large, but poor and underpopulated territory.

This heavy capital investment has created large cities like Dakar, Abidjan and Conakry. The Africans have come into contact not only with urban life, but with industry. In Dakar there has been a minor industrial revolution. In the past six years, largely because of this, the city's population has swollen to nearly 300,000. Africans have flooded into the city seeking work, attracted by tales of its gay life or lured by its glamour and the prospect of easy money.

I went down to the large brewery in Dakar, to see a modern industry with Africans as employees.

One of the managers there replied to my question, why weren't there any Africans in senior positions in the brewery. 'We have great difficulty in finding Africans to fill our managerial vacancies. You see, though many go to Paris they nearly all want to become lawyers, doctors, and officials. Very few are interested in becoming technicians. We would pay for their studies if we could find suitable candidates—you know, all part of the *Loi Cadre*. We must Africanize!'

'But haven't you found any good enough?'

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'Oh yes, our sister company in Abidjan has sent a young African to train in a large brewery in France.'

'What is your labour like?'

'Not so good. They don't seem to have much interest in their work.'

I remembered my discussion with Babacar Saye, Mayor of St. Louis, who told me that though he was a Socialist, he believed that at the present time capitalism had an essential role in the country. 'If we are to improve the conditions of the proletariat capitalism is a necessity, but this improvement cannot be speeded up except to the extent that the profit from capital is used towards the satisfying of the indispensable needs of the workers. Therefore it is necessary that the worker feels that he is complementary to the capitalist—it is up to the capitalist to make him understand this.'

To me this seems one of the most important factors in the industrialization of West Africa. The African from the tribal background is essentially an individual with a distinct position in his tribal group or village. Though he appreciates the money he earns in industry, psychologically he does not like being treated as a mere cog in a machine, losing his identity. If he could be given some indication that he is as indispensable to the firm as the manager, he would work hard. As Mr. C. O. Van der Plas, the United Nations Official in the Gambia, once observed: 'It is curious that the African running his own little enterprise works literally like a black, and takes on enormous responsibilities.' Yet if he is taken on as a cog in a vast machine, he becomes slack and Europeans call him the most inefficient and expensive labour in the world. It seems to me that a lot depends on the relations between the worker and the managerial staff.

Two years before I had visited a large shoe factory in neighbouring Rufisque with Mr. David Pearson, the British Consul responsible for liaison between British and French territories in West Africa. The factory was sited on the outskirts of the town opposite a huge cement works which belched forth pastel smoke at an angry sky. We entered a courtyard where hides of every colour were lying in the sun to dry. A Czech employee of the firm, which has its origins in Czechoslovakia, met us and led us into a gloomy shed where flabby hides, a hideous grey green in